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Les Tours D'une Tabatiere:

OR, THE

TRAVELS and MISFORTUNES

OF THE

ENCHANTED

SNUFF-BOX:

Humbly Inſcrib'd to

Iſaac Bickerſtaff, Eſq;

Vidi ego jactatas mota Face crescere Flammas,
Et rursus nullo concutiente mori. Ovid.

From an Old Ballad.

When the Storm is once blown over,
Straits the Nation quiet grows:
But the Man that made the Pother
Seldom is in true Repoſe.

LONDON,
Printed for *J. Baker* at the *Black Boy* in *Pater-Noſter-Row*, 1710.

Price Three Pence.

THE

TRAVELS AND MISFORTUNES

OF THE

ENCHANTED

SNUFF-BOX:

Humbly Inscribed to

BRITISH MUSEUM

LONDON

SIR,

IN your last you blame my long Silence, but when I have accounted for the Ramble I have made this Summer, I hope I shall at least find your Pardon. I made a Journey to *Oxford* in *June* last, on purpose, if possible, to get a Sight of a *certain Doctor*, that has of late made so much Noise in the World; but as soon as I came there, I found I had unfortunately miss'd of him, and that he began his Progress about an Hour before. My Curiosity and Eagerness to see so noted a Person, made me neglect all those of the Place so famous for Erudition, Drink and Principles. I immediately follow'd him to *Banbury*, where I overtook him just as he was entring the Town, so that I came time enough to hear the *Recorder* make that excellent Speech, so justly valu'd at its utmost Worth, a Penny. I saw the Joy of the whole People, the Splendor of the Illuminations, and the Profusion of Wine, that by a modest Computation cou'd not cost less than fifteen Shillings: The next Day there was to be a Meeting of the neighbouring Gentlemen upon the Land Tax; the *Dr.* was invited

and plac'd at the upper End of the Table: On his Left ſate the *Baronets* and *Juſtices*, on his Right ſate little *Robin* his *Aſſiſtant* (or to ſpeak in Romantick Terms, the *Sancho* of the *Miſſion*): Behind him in great Gayety ſtood his Man *Andrew*, whoſe Duty it was to commend and ridicule his Maſter; about four Deſcents below the *Dr.* ſate an *old Juſtice* with ſower Countenance and a Whiggiſh Sneer at the End of his Noſe; the *Dr.* to ſhew his Condeſcenſion in order to convert the Erroneous, gave him the gracious Appellation of *Kinſman*, and treated all the Company with ſo much Humanity, you wou'd almoſt have ſworn he had us'd them like his Equals. Dinner over, the *Recorder* preſented, or rather paid the *Dr.* more than twenty Guineas, (for the malicious World ſay he had a good Bill put into his Hands before) be that as it will, it ſerv'd for a Precedent to thoſe that came after. In the Afternoon, the *Dr.* having finiſh'd his Buſineſs at *Banbury*, and diſpatch'd by *Robin*, whom he deputed his *Proxy*, the Affairs of three or four great Belly'd Women, who came to him for his Benediction, (for here he did not touch in Perſon) was graciouſly pleas'd to make the *old Juſtice* (whom I before mention'd, and who liv'd not many Miles off) a Complement of a Viſit to his Lady; He waited on him home, and treated

him

him with the beſt the Houſe afforded, *October* of two Years old; the *Dr.* told him it might paſs for good Small Beer, tho' by that time they had twiſted it well, the Wicked thought the Tap had run *High Church*. From thence the *old Gentleman* waited on him to a Neighbour's, where it ſeems the Spicket run a little too high; for here the charitable Deſign of Converſion, eſpecially of the old one, began to diſplay it ſelf; the *Minor Prophet* open'd the *Miſſion*, and told him if he was a *Whigg*, he was a *Raſcal* confeſs'd, if not he wou'd prove him one in two Minutes; the Softneſs, the Manners, the Logick were ſo much of a Piece, the *old Man* thought it high time to declare himſelf unfit for ſuch polite Converſation; however (the *Dr.* and the *Gentleman* interpoſing, and the *Juſtice* having learn'd the old Proverb of roaſting a Cat) there was no more Noiſe made; tho' ſome falſe Brethren would inſinuate that Neceſſity and not Choice put an End to their Quarrel, for that they had drank ſo long, till they could ſpeak no longer. The next Day they din'd with a *noble Peer*, to whom the *Dr.* went to return Thanks for old Favours, and as ſome ſay, to beg new; here the *Dr.* began to diſplay himſelf in his full Luſtre, he ſaluted the *Ladies* with a gay

Air,

Air, ſhew'd them his *Snuff-Box*, ſettled the *Miniſtry*, diſſolv'd the *Parliament*, forgave Mr. *Doiben*, and read *Aminadab* with ſo good a Grace, ſo many *Excellents!* ſo many *Admirables!* that all did him the Juſtice to believe it his own; indeed there is ſuch a *Rhapſody* in his Performances, that I muſt own it a little ill-natur'd in the *Managers* to accuſe him of Thinking at all. After Dinner, by way of *Deſſert*, he read us his *Black Bird* with ſo much Tenderneſs (eſpecially when the good *Dame* had loſt all her *Canary Birds*) that there was not a *Lady* there ſo much a *Saracen* as not to expreſs ſome Concern. After this, by way of Conſolation, he told us of a *Cock-Robin* that would ſuddenly appear, and teach us all to whiſtle a new Tune: This was deliver'd in a grave and prophetick way, but whether inſpir'd or poſſeſs'd the *Turks* pay equal Veneration to their *Santons*. Having ſaluted the *Ladies* the ſecond time, and accompliſh'd the great Work of his *Miſſion*, his next Deſign was upon *Warwick*, whither he had ſent a ſpecial Meſſenger before, and conſequently was met by the prodigious Multitude of at leaſt three, and I think it was critically at the *Gallows*; from thence they proceeded with their loud *Huzza's* in a ſolemn manner to the great Market-Place, where one of his new Diſ-

 ciples

ciples prov'd a *falſe Brother*, and forſook him becauſe he did not go to his Houſe. The *Mayor*, alarum'd at this vaſt *Phainomenon*, doubted ſome *Comet had burſt its Orb, and prov'd Excentrick*: In haſte he ſummonſes a *Common Hall*; ſage were the Deliberations, various the Conteſts; ſome thought the *Stocks*, ſome the *Tavern*, but not one the *Church* a proper Place to receive him; the *Mayor* in Imitation of the Wiſdom of his *Brethren of Banbury* (for fear it ſhould be her *Majeſty's Ape*) propos'd going in their Formalities, but the Majority, (ſome of which were ſuſpected for *rotten Members*) thought it fair enough to ſpend their Two Pence a Piece, and give the *Dr.* a Cup of *Nappy*. So to the *Wool-Pack* they came; the *Dr.* a little ſowred to be treated ſo familiarly, receiv'd them with a grave Air, but upon a little Recollection, brandiſh'd his *Snuff-Box*, and offer'd *Mr. Mayor* a Pinch; the old Man told him indeed he never took *Snuff* himſelf; but if he would give him ſome in a Paper, he would carry it for a Preſent to his *Wife*; this infinitely oblig'd the *Doctor*; and *Mr. Mayor*, to ſhew his Gratitude, call'd for a Pot of Ale, and drank his Health in a Bumper. Having mention'd ſo conſiderable a Part of the *Dr.* as his *Snuff-Box*, I am bound by the Rules of *Hiſtory* to give you the Deſcription of it; the Matter indeed was but plain Oak, (but

pretended

pretended to be part of the *Royal Oak*, neatly inlaid with Silver; there you may ſee a young *Monarch* peeping out of a *Hollow-Tree*, and three *Airy Crowns* juſt dropping on his Head, with this Inſcription; *Sacra Jovi Quercus*: On the Reverſe was inſcrib'd *Paſſive Obedience and Non-Reſiſtance reſtor'd in* 1710, if the *Dr.* be not out in his Computation, becauſe there were two ſower *Hieroglyphicks* with *Muskets* on their Shoulders, that ſeem'd watching their Motion, and it is much ſuſpected that thoſe ſame *Muskets* were loaded with ſome *Whiggiſh Antimonarchical Principles*: Is not this the *Snuff-Box* out of which the *Dr.* takes, and indeed by which he divines! I ask your Pardon for this long Digreſſion, tho' it is only with a Deſign to make another; the *Dr.* you muſt know is by Principle a *Peripatetick*, but of which *Claſs* it is not yet agreed, ſome by the *Hieroglyphicks* think him an *Egyptian*, others pronounce him a *Bethlemite*, and I can tell you for a Truth a *Coſen Beſs* lays Claim to him, but ſince he honours the former *Society* with his Countenance, I think that is not very material. In Imitation of the *Ancients* his *Equipage* is ſmall, tho' polite, conſiſting only of the *Snuff-Box* for the Drawing-Room, and a little Pocket-Book neatly bound for the *Pulpit*, at the Opening of which he has been often obſerv'd to put on

on ſo many graceful Airs, that the World began to ſuſpect it might be *Oxford Jeſts*, or the ridicule of his own *Sermons*; but at laſt it was unluckily diſcover'd by a *Low Church-man* that ſat in the *Gallery*, to have a *Looking-Glaſs* neatly faſten'd in the Cover; This inſpired the *Dr.* and by this the *Dr.* took the *Ladies*, this gave the *Lady* the *Noble Idea of Scalded Pig in her Complement on the Drs. Complexion*, and that Yellow Varniſh that overſpread it, raiſed in his Admirers the memory of the *Ignis Lambent* of the *Ancients*, elegantly rendred into *Engliſh* by the *Poet*.

And Lambent dulneſs play'd about his Head.

And this puts me again in Mind of the *Mayor*, whom I left drinking a Brimmer to the *Doctors Health*; it's fear'd it prov'd a little too ſtrong for him, or perhaps there might be a Crum in the Pot, for it ſeems he drank his laſt. This rais'd ſuch a Combuſtion, that every one ſhifting for himſelf, the *Doctor* had like to have been pawn'd for the Reckoning, had not a *Country Eſq*; (who came in for Gapeſeed) been drawn in for his two Guineas, to ſave the *Corporation* and the *Doctor* harmleſs. Our *Errant Apoſtles* ſhook the Duſt from their Feet, and left this unconvertable *Town*, and in order to haſten their Journey went about ten Miles backward, as 'tis ſuppos'd, to gather their

Rents, it being then about *Midſummer Moon*. Here to my great diſſatisfaction, I was forced upon the ſcore of Buſineſs to leave ſuch agreeable Company, ſo cannot give you an account how many *Bumpers* he drank at my L——ds, or what became of the five thouſand Men, that (according to the *Poſt Boy*) met the *Dr.* at *Coventry*, for as far as I can inform my ſelf, not above ſeventeen of them have been heard of ever ſince. However tho', we parted at *Warwick*, yet like his own two *Parallel Lines*, *we met in a Center at Litchfield*; and here our *Dr.* appeared again in perfect Glory, the whole Multitude came out to do Sacrifice to theſe wandring *Divinities*; the *Dr.* was the *Boanerges* of the *Ladies*, the *Fulminans* of the *Party*, and little *Robin ex quovis Ligno ſit Mercurius*. The *Ladies* brought their *Hearts*, and ſome their *Gold Rings*, the *Gentlemen* their *Poultry* and *March Beer*, the *Mob* their *Huzza's*, the *Church* their *Muſick*; and indeed it would have Edify'd an *Impenitent Diſſenter*, to ſee with what a pretty Air of indifference he Acted the whole Service; he Ogled the *Ladies*, bowed to the *Gentlemen*, and ſcatter'd his gracious Smiles upon the whole Multitude; only one *Hoſtile Chancellor* ſate in the *Dean's* Seat, and did not give him place: It was matter of great Scandal to Minds truly ſcrupulous, to ſee ſo little

little regard paid to a Perſon of his Character; but I doubt this *Chancellor* was ſomething of a *Whig* in his Heart. After Church the *Dr.* and his Friends were Invited to a ſplendid Entertainment by one of the *Burgeſſes* for that Place; (for good Eating generally follows ſuch ſort of Devotion). Here and at *Warwick*, the *Dr* vouchſaf'd to touch in Perſon, offering his Lips with great Condeſcention to be Kiſs'd by the *Ladies*, and his Hand with no leſs *Decorum* to the *Men*. In the Afternoon our Young *Mercury* Preach'd, tho' I muſt needs own it was in the *Low-Church*, but no Matter, the Action Sanctifies the Place. The *Sermon* ſeem'd levell'd againſt *Slander*, but he made it as plain as the *Doctrine* of *Paſſive Obedience*, that you may ſpeak ill of your *Governors*, your *Neighbours*, or any body that is not of your ſide; ſo that for one *General Rule*, he had at leaſt nineteen *Exceptions*; this gained ſuch an Applauſe from the *Multitude*, that they immediatly fell a railing at the *Gentleman* that entertain'd them ſo kindly, and 'twas generally thought 'twou'd loſe him his next *Election*. I hope the *Dr.* had no Hand in it, tho' it is ſuppoſed they both club'd Underſtandings. After *Sermon* they receiv'd a Complement from the *Choir*, that there was an *Anthem* deſign'd on Purpoſe for them; no *Hoſtile*

Chancellor appear'd, the *Dr.* was placed in the *Dean's Seat*, (happy *Omen* of future greatneſs!) the *Organ* play'd, out came the little Book, the *Snuff-Box* ſubſided: Being wonderfully delighted with the higheſt *place* in the *Synagogue*, he put on ſo pleaſant an Air that he ſeem'd almoſt transfigur'd, and certainly he was wrapt up one *Story* higher in *Fool's Paradiſe* than his own *Aminadab*. At laſt the promiſed *Anthem* began, it prov'd the *Pſalm* uſually read for *Women deliver'd of Child birth*, all the *Ladies* rejoyced in hopes it might be their own Turn next, and the *Men* could not but rejoyce to ſee their *Wives* in ſo good a Humour; it was whiſper'd that the *Dr.* had been ſomething *Coſtive* of late, but now found his Body more ſoluble; I obſerv'd ſome ſmall Omiſſion againſt *Lying*, but probably they were unwilling to give *Offence to weak Brethren*. The Day ended with *drinking* and *Illuminations*, and gave us a perfect *Model* of a *Church Triumphant*. I was oblig'd to leave *Litchfield* early next Morning, and as the *Dr.* lies ſomething late, cou'd not take my leave, or return him thanks for his *Favours*; and indeed what *Intelligence* I receiv'd ſince, came ſo broken, that if you pleaſe you may take it for *Apocrypha*. The firſt news I met, was at *Cheſter*, from a Neighbour, who ſome days after fell in with the *Doctors* Train

Train at *Stafford*: He ſaw the *Dr.* look ſomething out of Sorts, and imputed it to the little regard the *Magiſtrates* paid him; tho' the *Mob* broke open the *Church-doors* in ſpite of them, and rung the Bells manfully, but this was by no means in a riotous Manner, becauſe it ſhew'd their *Zeal* for the *Church*, and ſubmiſſion to the *Government*: The whole World took notice of the *Doctor*'s, *Chagrin*, and a black Patch on his Face; my Friend apply'd himſelf to a Young *Gentleman* of a gay Temper; with whom it ſeems he had ſome former Acquaintance; he ask'd him the Reaſon of the *Dr*'s. Melancholy, the *Spark* told him if he would Stop till the Company was gone by, he would endeavour to ſatisfie his Curioſity, and probably, ſays he, you will find his Looks not altogether without Reaſon, you cannot but have heard with what profound *Ceremony* and *Reſpect* the *Dr.* was treated at *Litchfield*; he was Compl.mented by the *Chapter* on *Sunday*, on *Munday* by the *Magiſtrates*, and a noble Collation prepar'd; the *Dr.* riſing ſomething late, was dreſt in haſte; the *Ladies* waited, the *Dr.* in a hurry forgot his *Snuff Box*, and a *Young Rogue of a Footman*, a great Intimate of *Andrew*'s, that had before begg'd a Pinch of his *Ourangery*, ſlips into the Chamber, guts the *Snuff Box*, ſteals the whole *Magazine*, and fills it again

with

with ſome *Album Græcum* he had got of a young *Apothecary*, who was likewiſe in at the Roguery. The *Dr.* Sate out Dinner with ſome Uneaſineſs, he knew he wanted ſomething, but could not tell what, till the Company riſing, and a *Lady* asking him for a Pinch, he found it was his *Snuff-Box*; *Andrew* was ſent in great haſte, and his want of Care blam'd; he flew to the Lodgings, brings the *Snuff-Box*; the *Ladies* all Impatient for the firſt Pinch, put in their Fingers almoſt all at once, the *Gentlemen* with ſome Reſpect after, but all by Way of *Shacoon* to the *Drs.* Health, put them to their Noſes at once; the *Ladies* who had never been uſed to the Innocent Jeſt of a *Cockeldymoody*, began to ſhew their Reſentment, ſome ſnifted, ſome bluſhed, ſome ſneezed, ſome farted, ſome laugh'd, and all cry'd *Paugh!* The *Gentlemen* enrag'd, the *Dr.* Aſtoniſh'd, all was Confuſion; at the laſt the *Dr.* himſelf ſmelt the Cheat, and it is ſaid the Company ſmelt the *Dr.* who made a precipitate Retreat, mounted his *Palfrey*, left what remained in the *Magazine* to the Servants, and ne're ſaw *Litchfield* more. He was ſpeedily follow'd by little *Robin*, and his Man *Andrew*, they rode five Miles with the utmoſt haſte and Silence; at laſt little *Dapple* made a ſtumble, down came the *Dr.*, *Robin*'s Horſe ſtarted, and had

almoſt

almoſt leap'd over him; *Andrew*, alighting with great Conſternation, took his fallen *Maſter* from the Ground, Alack a day his pretty Face was a little raz'd! *Andrew* (who I ſhould have told you had been bred a *Barber-Surgeon*, afterwards turn'd *Mountebank*, and now Acts under the *Dr.*) pulls out his plaiſter box, takes his Sizzers and cuts the Patch you now ſee on his Face. I came up in the Critical Minute, and thought at firſt the *Dr.* had been going to ſay his Prayers, but finding my Error, I alighted to give him my aſſiſtance, and ſaw the *Looking-glaſs* in the book broke to Pieces, for you know, Misfortunes ſeldom come alone. The Patch or Plaiſter put on, we mounted and came on for *Stafford*, where you met us. My Friend thank'd the Gentleman for his Civility, and could not but think him a little waggiſh in his Heart. Indeed it has been ſuſpected that the *Doctor* had ſome *falſe Brother* about him, who conſtantly gave Mr. *Dyer* an Account of his Motions; no Body can ſuſpect it was the *Doctor* himſelf, and it is incredible his *Achates*, *Robin*, would betray him, and poor *Andrew* had been bred too much a *Gentleman* ever to learn to write or read; ſo that I fancy Mr. *Dyer* held Intelligence with this *Spark*, which prov'd ſo uſeful to him, all the Summer; when a *Foreign Mail* was wanting, he with an old Sto-

ry

ry out of a *Gazette*, a new one of the *Doctor*; a Piece of Perſecution of Mr. *Greenſheild* from *Edinburgh*, and a ſcurrilous Reflection or two of his own on the *Miniſtry*, could toſs up a *Ragoo* fit for the Pallate of any Fool that knew how to pay for it. Here the *Doctor*'s Motions prov'd a little *Eccentrick*, and my Friend who was in haſte for *Cheſter Fair*, took his Leave; but he was told his Buſineſs was to Chriſten a Child about ten Miles out of the Way, which he graciouſly adopted into his own Family, and its hop'd the Boy may one Day come to be *King of the Gypſies*. The next News we heard of the *Doctor* was from *Wrexham* the *Capital* of *Wales*; here the Jade Fortune play'd the *Falſe Siſter* again; he had not had the Comfort of one Pinch of *Ourangery*, ſince he left *Litchfield*; and therefore, having ſtop'd at the beſt Inn, and being ſurrounded by a Crowd of Adorers, he ſent *Andrew* to enquire for ſome of the beſt Snuff: *Andrew* immediately mounts little *Dapple*, (who had not hurt his Knees much) and gave his own to the *Hoſtler*, then gallop'd all over the Town to find out the beſt *Apothecary*, ſome admir'd the Shape of the *Horſe*, others thought *Andrew* the pretti-eſt Beaſt of the Two, but for my own part I muſt give it for *Dapple*. Oh! had I the Hand of *Phydias* or *Praxatilles*, *Dapple* ſhou'd for ever live in *Parian Marble*; the *Dr.* on his

Back,

Back, his *Snuff-Box* in his Hand, little *Robin* with a juſt *Decorum* at his Stirrup, and *Andrew* at his due Diſtance behind; Then would I place them on the *Conduit* in *Cornhill*, as an eternal *Monument* of the *Gratitude* of that great *Metropolis*. But ſince my Skill fails me, I will yoke him with *old Sorrel*, and add him to the *Bulls*, *Bears*, *Scorpions*, and other polite *Monſters* of the *Ancients*. But to return to my Story, *Andrew* having ranſac'd the whole *Town*, and not found the Shop he wanted, ask'd at laſt whether there was any *Apothecary* in *Town*; it was a Word never heard of in *Wales*; at laſt one of the Company who had been in *England* ſaid ſure he wants the *Dr.* and ſhew'd him a corner Houſe juſt croſs the Square; the *Dr.* who had ſeen his Houſe pointed at, ſuſpecting there was a *Bailiff* in the Caſe, ſlipt out of the Back-door, and order'd his *Boy* to bolt the Shop-Hatch, which he did, and ſtood Centry to guard it; *Andrew* comes up, and asks for the *Maſter*, it was told him he was not at home, he then ask'd him for ſome *Ourangery*; the *Boy* (concluding it to be ſome *South-Wales* Word) ſaid he did not underſtand him; *Andrew* told him it was a fine Powder, and clap'd his Hand to his Noſe; the *Boy* apprehending he knew what he meant, went to the Drawer and fill'd the *Box* with the beſt *Flower of*

 Brimſtone;

Brimſtone; the People aſtoniſh'd to ſee the glittering Engine of *Converſion*, ſurrounded *Andrew*, who ſhew'd it with all the Artifice imaginable; ſome admir'd the Matter, ſome the Workmanſhip, all the grateful Mein with which 'twas ſhewn; *Andrew* raviſh'd with the Acclamations of the Multitude, cou'd not forbear opening the *Box*, every one run in for a Pinch, and all knew the Scent too well, not to ſuſpect there was ſome Waggery in it; the *Dr.* who from the Windows beheld the loud Acclamations of the Multitude, thought with old *Clinias* in *Arcadia*:

If my Man ſuch Honour have,
Then what have I, that keep the Knave.

But now ſeeing the ſudden Change, could not but wonder at the Cauſe, the whole Populace was in a Ferment for the Affront offer'd to their Nation; the *Gentlemen* at the Window with the *Dr.* began to ſuſpect ſome Body had ty'd a Leek to a Dog's Tail, and affronted the Memory of St. *Taffy*, others thought they were trying the *Doctor* over again by his Repreſentative *Andrew*, ſome thought the *Ghoſt* of the *Conformity Bill* began to walk, and indeed it look'd moſt like the latter, for it was obſerv'd that every one ſcratch'd where he

lik'd

lik'd beſt; ſome their Ears, ſome their Fingers, ſome their A——s, and the Women where they itch'd moſt; never was Miſtake ſo fatal, or ſuch a *Hurrican* blown up, as none but *Garth*, raiſing the *Devil* out of *Blackmore*, or the *Doctor*, proving the *Church in Danger*, cou'd have deſcrib'd: *Andrew*, to give him his Due, ſtood his Ground firmly, whilſt the loud Artillery of the Tongue play'd, nay even the Booms of Piſs-Pots did not diſmay him, tho' ſometimes heavily charg'd; but when they began to ply him with their ſmall Arms, rotten Eggs, Turnips, Sticks, Stones, Cow-Dung, *&c.* he manfully empted his *Snuff-Box* in an old Woman's Face, who had bleer Eyes, and wrote a perfect Cure, and then giving his *Pegaſus* a Curvet,

He ſpurs his Palfry, and out-ſtrips the Wind,
Leaving the Doctor, and the Mob behind.

The Doctor who all this while was in the utmoſt Conſternation, after ſome Reflections upon the Matter, concluded they had certainly found out that he was the Author of the *Poem* call'd *Muſcipula*, and expected immediately to be *Dewitted*, being under a diſmal Apprehenſion of undergoing that Puniſhment himſelf, he had ſo often wiſh'd might fall

upon King *William*. But there happen'd at that time not to be one *Latine Scholar* in the *Pariſh*, ſo that they had never heard of the *Muſcipula*, and happy it was for him that his Suſpicions were groundleſs, otherwiſe he had certainly been tore to Pieces; not all his great Services for the *Church* cou'd have made an Attonement for his vilifying the Memory of St. *Taffy*, but he who had ſo luckily eſcap'd out of the Hands of ſo many falſe Brethren, had inevitably fell a Sacrifice to the Fury of thoſe of his own Party. However as it would have been very improper to have ſtaid to enquire into the Matter, ſo he had great Reaſon to fear the wooſt, and therefore reſolv'd to attempt to get privately out of the Town a back way, and if poſſible make his Eſcape from amongſt them. In Order thereto he immediately leaves the Company, as pretending to go down upon ſome neceſſary Occaſions, and *Robin*, betwixt whom and the *Dr.* there was a ſort of a *Mutual Conſciouſneſs* follow'd him with the utmoſt Precipitation, and 'tis ſaid they made ſuch haſte, to be gone, that they forgot to pay the reck'ning, but this I cannot poſitively averr, becauſe here Fame her ſelf grew Dumb, nay even Mr. *Dyer* was ſilent after what manner they made their Retreat; but by their appearing again ſo quickly, it's

plain

plain they eſcap'd with a whole Skin. How they afterwards met with *Andrew*, how they rallied again, how they were dumbell'd thro' *Worceſter*, how the Bells rung backward at *Perſhore*, how they ſcap'd the *Sheriff* of *Wilts*, at *Marlborough*, who deſign'd to do them ſome Honour in their own Country, and laſtly with what Ceremony the *Sheriff* of *Oxfordſhire* deliver'd them up to their own College, would employ a Pen more Poetick than mine; I ſhall therefore change my Diſcourſe, and conclude my tedious Letter with a comical Accident that happen'd at *Cheſter* Fair: As we were riding thro' the deep Lanes about three Miles from *Cheſter*, we ſaw a Country Fellow who had juſt taken an overgrown *Urchin* or *Hedge-Hog*, he ſeem'd overjoy'd and ſhew'd us the Monſter, we ask'd him what he intended to do with it, he anſwer'd, believe me Maſter, if ſome honeſt Gentleman would ſtand by me, I could turn a Penny this Fair; we ask'd him how, he anſwer'd, he was once at *London*, and there he ſaw a Creature they call'd a *Porcupine*, not much bigger than this, and he fancy'd this might paſs in the Country for a young *Porcupine*: We gave the Fellow all the Encouragement we could, not doubting but he might get a good beating for his Pains. Away trudges the

Fellow

Fellow to *Cheſter*, takes a large Out-houſe, gets him a Trumpet, and ſounds it merrily round the Town over Night; early next Morning he cleans his Stie, dreſſes it with Boughs, and about nine a Clock ſallies forth with his Trumpet, as he left the Houſe, he calls for his Landlord, and told him, I am going to call in Company, pray let my *Porcupine* be ready at Eleven, I warrant you Maſter, ſays the Landlord, who was vex'd at the Cheat the Raſcal was going to put on the Fair, and thought it might be a Scandal to his Houſe. Out goes the Fellow, ſounds his Trumpet, makes his *O Yes*! Who ſees my *Porcupine*? a wonderful ſtrange Creature, lately come out of *Africa*, which can ſhoot his Quils through an inch Board! It has the Head of a *Gooſe*, the Tongue of an *Aſp*, the Hand of a *Monkey*, the Peezle of a *Bull*, and the Foot of a *Bear*, who ſees my *Porcupine*! This wonderful Creature alarm'd the whole Multitude, and all the Fair was in an Uproar; Notice was given to the *Judges* of the *Court* of *Pipowders* who immediately detach'd out their Officers to enquire into the Cauſe of this Diſturbance, and to apprehend the Ringleaders, in order to bring them to Juſtice; purſuant to their Commands, they ſally'd into the Midſt of the Crowd, and having learnt the Occaſion of the *Hub-*

bub

bub, they attempted to ſeize upon the Ruſtick, but as often as they went to lay Hands on him, they were repuls'd with loud Acclamations by the *Mobile*, who were reſolv'd all of them rather to die upon the Spot, than ſuffer their beloved Idol to fall into the Hands of Juſtice: After many fruitleſs Attempts, and ſeveral broken Heads, the Officers deſpairing of Succeſs, return'd back again to thoſe that ſent them, who upon their Report thought it more adviſeable to ſuffer ſo worthleſs and inconſiderable a Fellow to eſcape unpuniſh'd, than venture the Diſpleaſure of the Multitude, and run the Riſque of being Mob'd themſelves. The *Boor* wonderfully elated with this Succeſs, exactly at Twelve returns to his Inn with a full Train; entring the Gate he calls aloud for my Landlord, out he comes with his Hands all bloody; well Landlord, ſays *Roger*, is my *Porcupine* ready; ready with a Pox to it! ſays my Landlord, I have uncas'd it at laſt, but it has prick'd my Fingers moſt damnably; my Wife is juſt putting it on the Spit, but I forgot to ask what Sauce you would have to it; Sauce! ſays a Ruſtick that ſtood by, with a great Oath, have you never heard the old Proverb, *What's Sauce for a Gooſe, is Sauce for a Gander*; but take my Word for't

for't, he'll ſtick in your Teeth confoundedly, if he be not foundly baſted. Theſe are ſome of the Remarks I have made in my Summer's Ramble; the reſt I ſhall reſerve till I am ſatisfy'd that theſe find your Acceptance. In the mean time I beg leave to ſubſcribe my ſelf,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant

Oct. 1. 1710. *and Kinſman,*

BRITISH MUSEUM 14 JY 74

F. B.

FINIS.